Couſin, on Wedneſday next, our Councell wee will hold
At *Winſor*, ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſayd, and to bee done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will, my Liege.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince of Wales, and ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it, Lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping vpon Benches after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? Vnleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minuts Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds, and Dials the ſignes of Leaping houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demand the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeed you come neere me now, *Hall*, for we that take purſes, goe by the Moone and ſeuen Starres, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring Knight ſo faire: and I prethee, ſweet wagge, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy Grace; Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What, none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to bee prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the nights body, bee called Theeues of the dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, wee bee men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte Miſtris the Moone; vnder whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayſt well, and it holdes well too, for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for proofe

proofe: Now a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch
day night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday mo
with ſwearing lay by, and ſpent with crying Bring
as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by a
high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſayeſt true, Lad: and is n
ſteſſe of the Tauerne a moſt ſweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old Lad of the C
not a Buffe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Falſ. How now, how now, mad wagge, what, i
and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe
Ierkin?

Prince. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with n
of the Tauerne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cal'd her to a reckoning
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Falſ. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt payd

Prince. Yea and elſewhere, ſo far as my coyne wo
and where it would not, I haue vſd my credit.

Falſ. Yea, and ſo vſed it, that were it not heere ap
thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſh
Gallows ſtanding in *England*, when thou art King
lution thus ſnubd as it is with the ruſty curb of old
tick the Law? doe not thou, when thou art King, ha

Prince. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare by the Lord Ile be a braue Iu

Prince. Thou iudgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſh
hanging of the Theeues, and ſo become a rare Hang

Falſ. Well, *Hall*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumps
humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell yo

Prince. For obtaining of ſutes?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the Har
no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as
or a lugd-Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

Falſ. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolneſhire* Bagpip

Prince. What ſayeſt thou to a Hare, or the me